We tooke this Mattocke and this spade from him,
As he was comming from this Churchyard side.
Chiefe W. A great suspicion, stay the Frier too.

Enter Prince.

Prin. What misadventure is so early up,
That calls our person from our mornings rest?

Enter Capulet *and his Wife.*

Ca. What should it be that they so shrike abroad?
Wife. O the people in the street cry *Romeo*,
Some *Juliet*, and some *Paris*, and all runne
With open outcry toward our Monument.
Prin. What feare is this which startles in your eares?
Watch. Soveraigne, here lyes the County *Paris* slaine,
And *Romeo* dead, and *Juliet* dead before,
Warme and new kill'd.
Prin. Search, seeke, and know how this foule murder comes.
Watch. Here is a Frier, and slaughtred *Romeo's* man,
With instruments upon them fit to open
These dead mens tombes.
Cap. O heaven! O wife! looke how our daughter bleeds!
This dagger hath mista'ne, for lo his house
Is empty on the backe of *Mountague*,
And is misheathed in my daughters bosome.
Wi. O me, this sight of death is as a Bell,
That warnes my old age to a Sepulcher.

Enter Mountague.

Prin. Come *Mountague*, for thou art early up,
To see thy sonne and heire now early downe.
Moun. Alas my Liege, my wife is dead to night,
Griefe of my sonnes exile hath stopt her breath;
What further woe conspires against my age?
Prin. Looke and thou shalt see.
Mou. O thou untaught! what manners is in this,
To presse before thy father to a grave?
Pri. Seale up the mouth of outrage for a while,
Till we can cleare these ambiguities,
And know their spring, their head, their true descent,

And then will I be Generall of your woes,
And lead you even to death: meane time forbeare,
And let mischance be slave to patience.
Bring forth the parties of suspicion.
Fri. I am the greatest, able to doe least,
Yet most suspected, as the time and place
Doe make against me, of this direfull murder;
And here I stand, both to impeach and purge
My selfe condemned, and my selfe excus'd.
Pri. Then say at once what thou dost know in this.
Fri. I will be briefe, for my short date of breath
Is not so long as is a tedious tale.
Romeo there dead was husband to that *Juliet*,
And she there dead that *Romeo's* faithfull wife;
I married them, and their stolne marriage day
Was *Tibalts* doomesday; whose untimely death
Banisht the new made Bridegroome from this City,
For whom, and not for *Tibalt*, *Juliet* pin'd.
You, to remove that siege of griefe from her,
Betroth'd, and would have married her perforce,
To County *Paris*. Then comes she to me,
And with wild lookes bid me devise some meanes
To rid her from this second Marriage,
Or in my Cell there would she kill her selfe.
Then gave I her (so tuter'd by my Art)
A sleeping potion, which so tooke effect
As I intended; for it wrought on her
The forme of death: meane time I writ to *Romeo*
That he should hither come as this dire night,
To helpe to take her from her borrowed grave,
Being the time the potions force should cease.
But he which bore my letter, Frier *John*,
Was stayed by accident, and yesternight
Return'd my letter backe: then all alone,
At the prefixed houre of her waking
Came I to take her from her kindreds vault,
Meaning to keepe her closely at my Cell,